Onely reſerued their factor to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didſt prophecie the time would come
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſſe
That bottell'd ſpider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
Q. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?

Now

Now thy proud necke, bear
From which, euen here, I ſl
And leaue the burthen of it
Farewell Yorkes wife, and
Theſe Engliſh woes, will m
Qu. O thou well skild i
And teach me how to curſe
Q. Mar. Forbeare to ſle
Compare dead happineſſe
Thinke that thy babes wer
And he that ſlew them fow
Bettring thy loſſe makes th
Reuoluing this, will teach t
Qu. My words are dull,
Q. M. Thy woes wil mak
Dut. Why ſhould calam
Qu. Windie attornies t
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſt
Poore breathing orators of
Let them haue ſcope, thoug
Helpe not at all, yet do the
Dut. If ſo, then be not t
And in the breath of bitter
My damned ſonne, which
I heare his drum, be copiou

Enter King Richard
and

King. Who intercepts m
Dut. A ſhe, that might
By ſtrangling thee in her a
From all the ſlaughters wre
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that fo
Where ſhould be grauen, i
The ſlaughter of the Prin
And the dire death of my
Tell me thou villaine ſlau